CHARLTON COMICS
25¢
NO. 12 SEP
00026 75/CDC

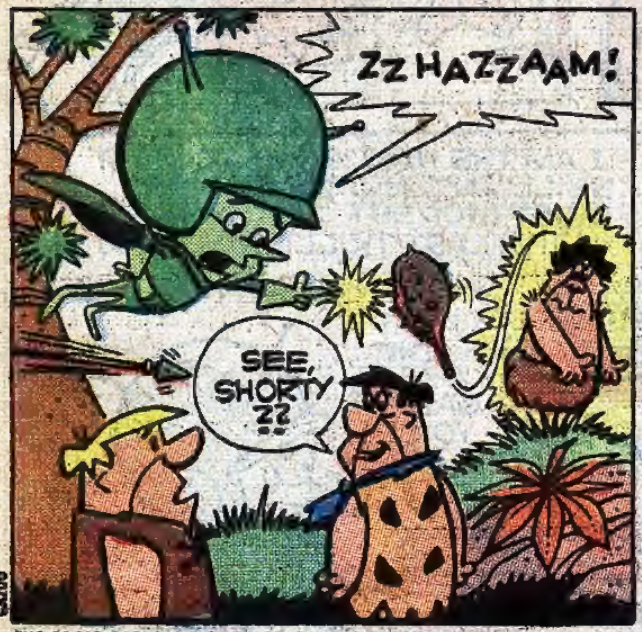
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

all new

The FLINTSTONES FEATURING THE GREAT GAZOO

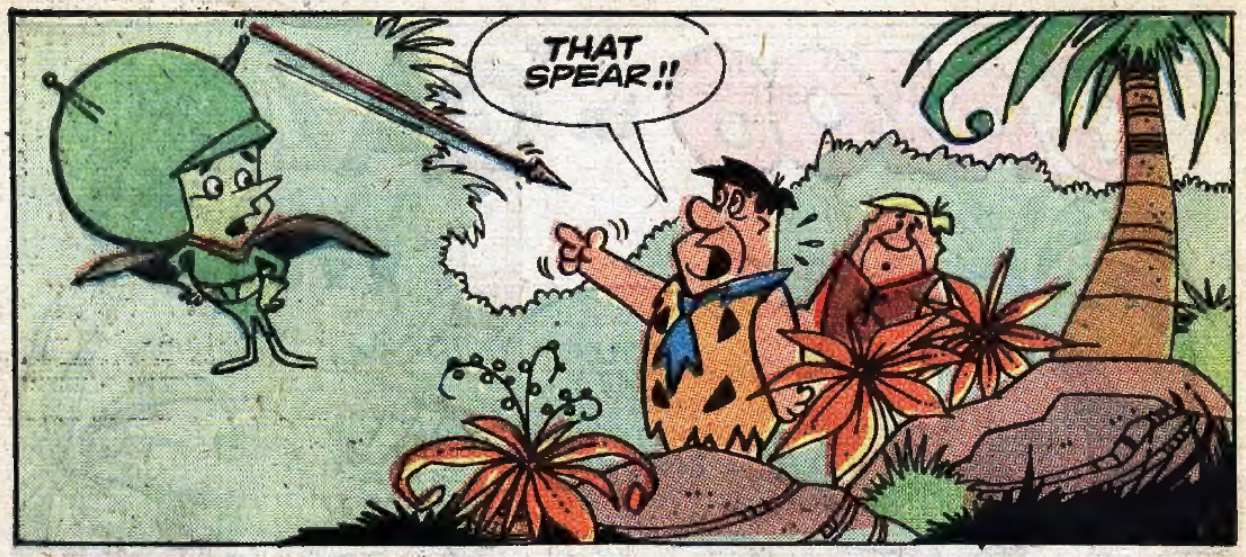
a Hanna-Barbera Production

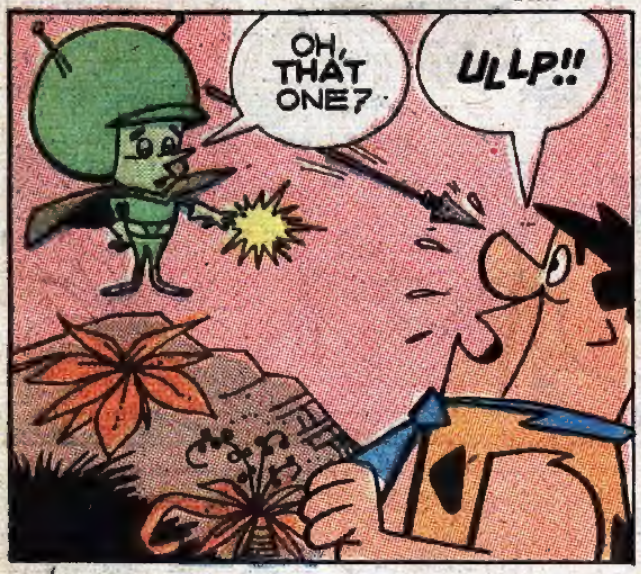
00026



GAZOO

THE GREAT GAZOO Vol. 3, No. 12, September, 1975.
Published every six weeks by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC., at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. John Santangelo Jr., Publisher, George A. Wildenau, Managing Editor. 25¢ per copy. Subscription $1.75 annually. Printed in U.S.A. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Sidis, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050). © 1975 HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC. International copyright secured. All rights reserved.

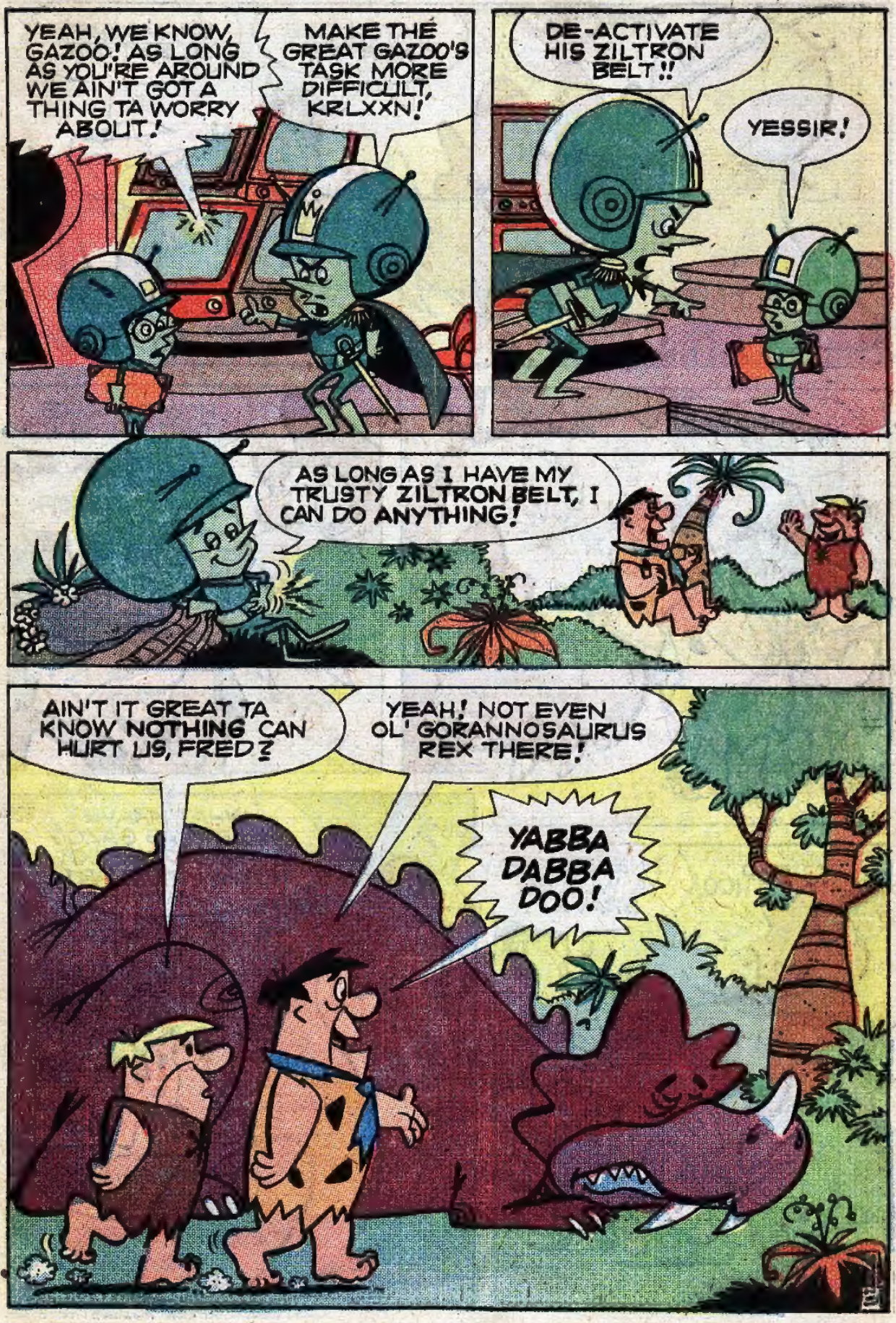

THAT SPEAR!!

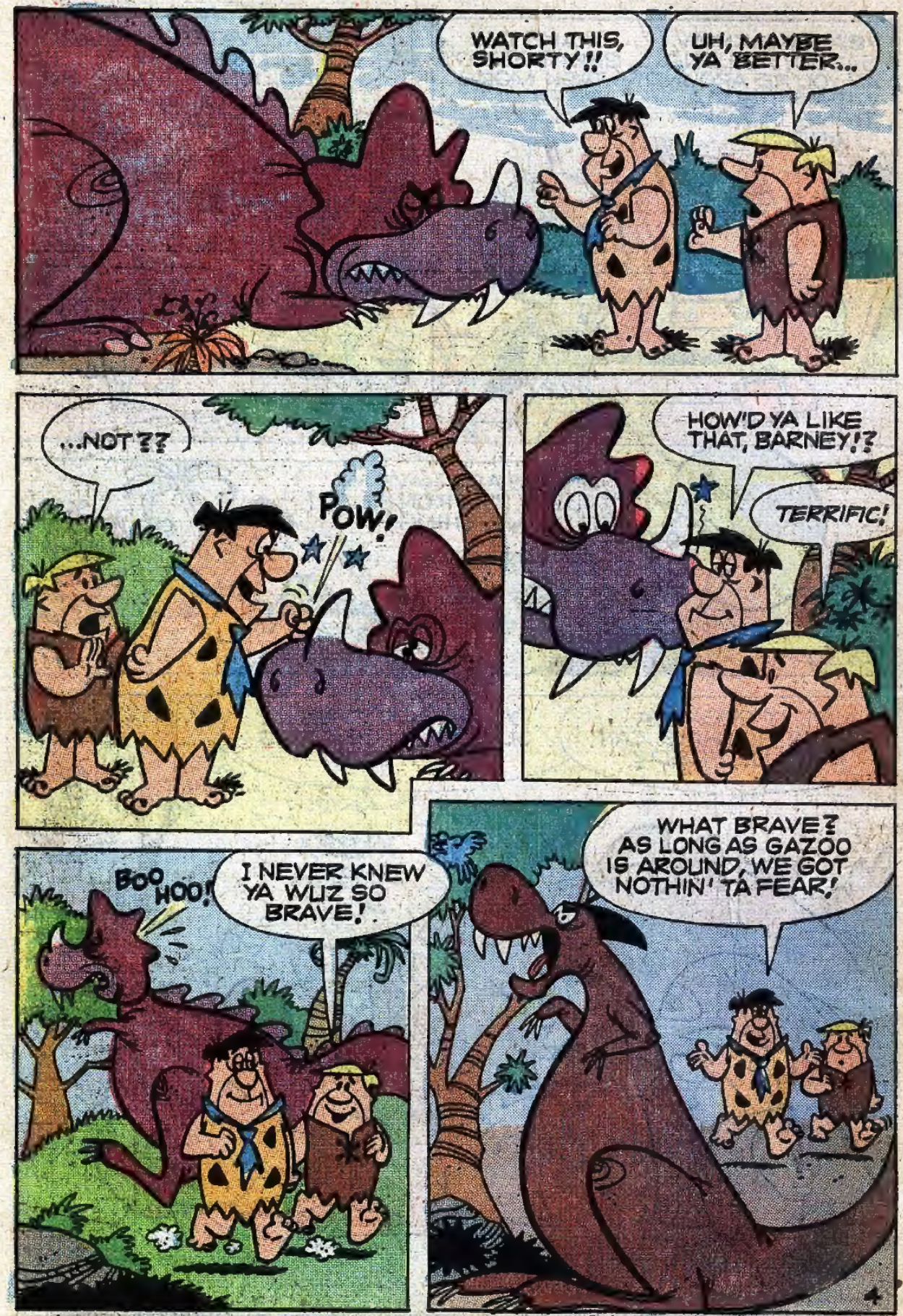

OH, THAT ONE?
ULLP!!

ONE O' THESE DAYS YOU'RE GONNA KID AROUND TOO LONG, NEEDLENOSE, AND SOMEBODY'S GONNA GET HURT!
NOT TO FEAR, FATSO! DON'T I ALWAYS DO MY THING?

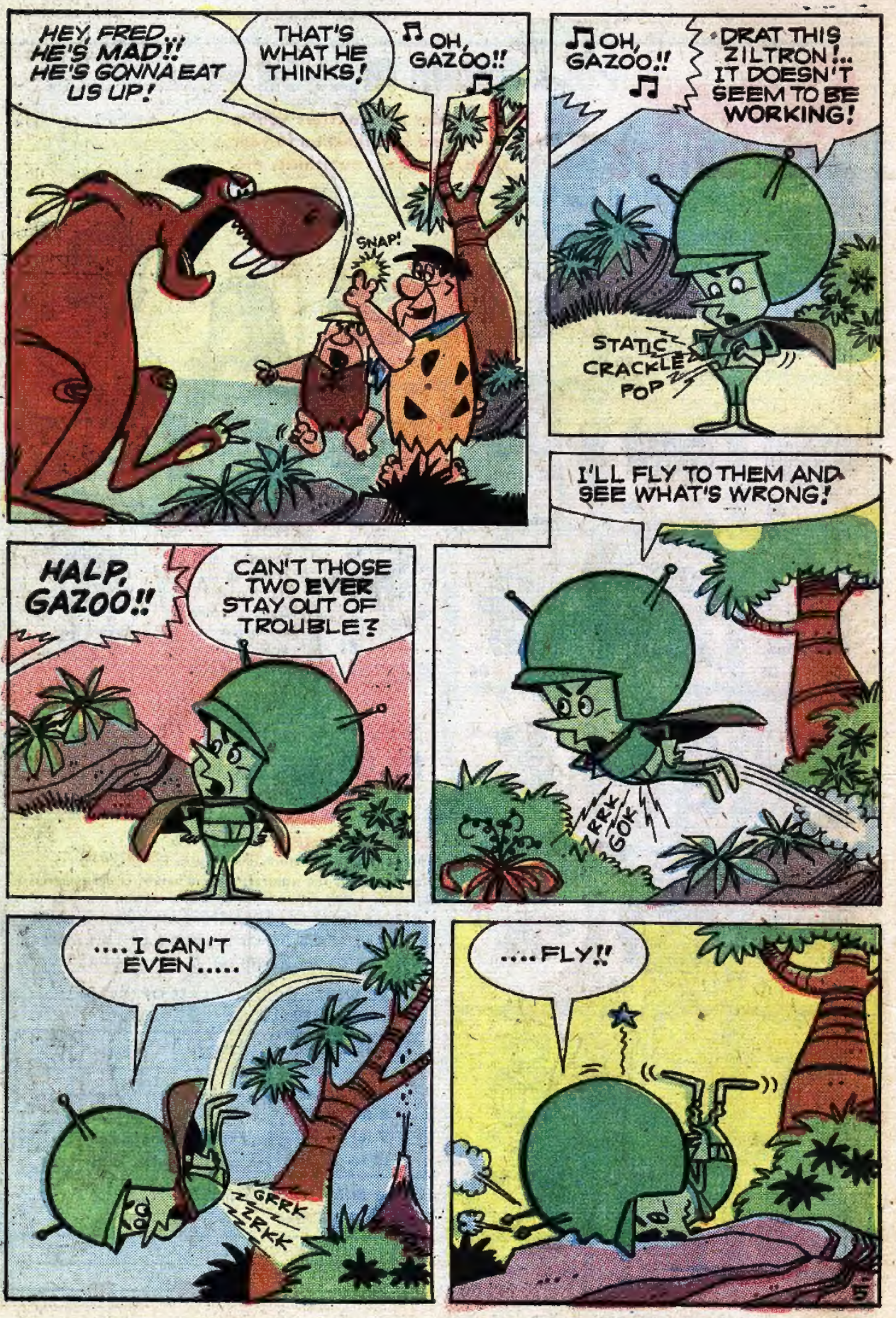
IN ME PICKLE-NOSE, YOU SEE THE MOST TALENTED ZILTOXIAN OF ALL TIME!
ZILTOX SUPREME HEADQUARTERS

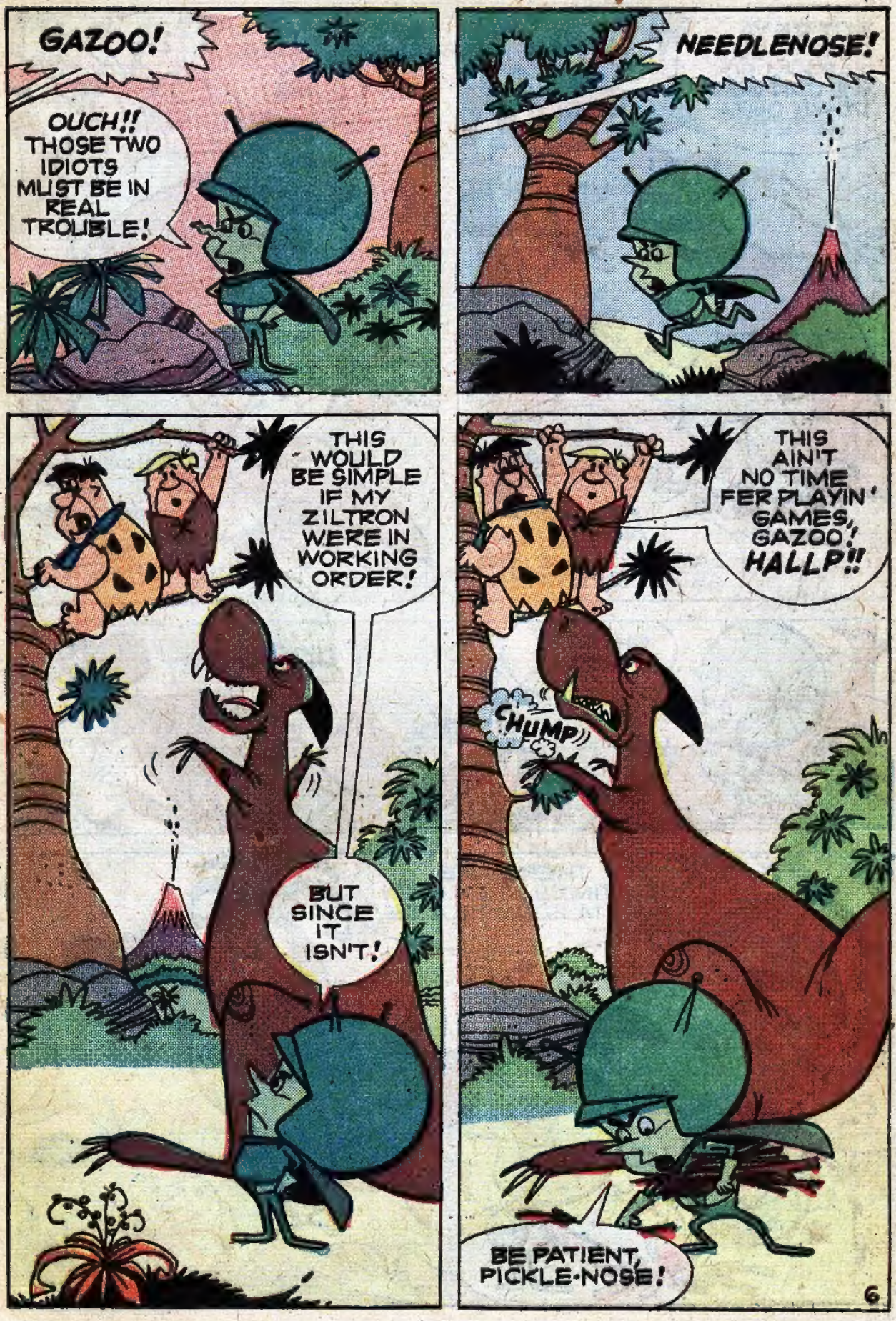
I AM THE HANDSOMEST, MOST BRILLIANT, AND BY FAR THE MOST MODEST ZILTOXIAN BORN IN THE LAST TRILLION YEARS!
THAT'S THE GREAT GAZOO'S VOICE!

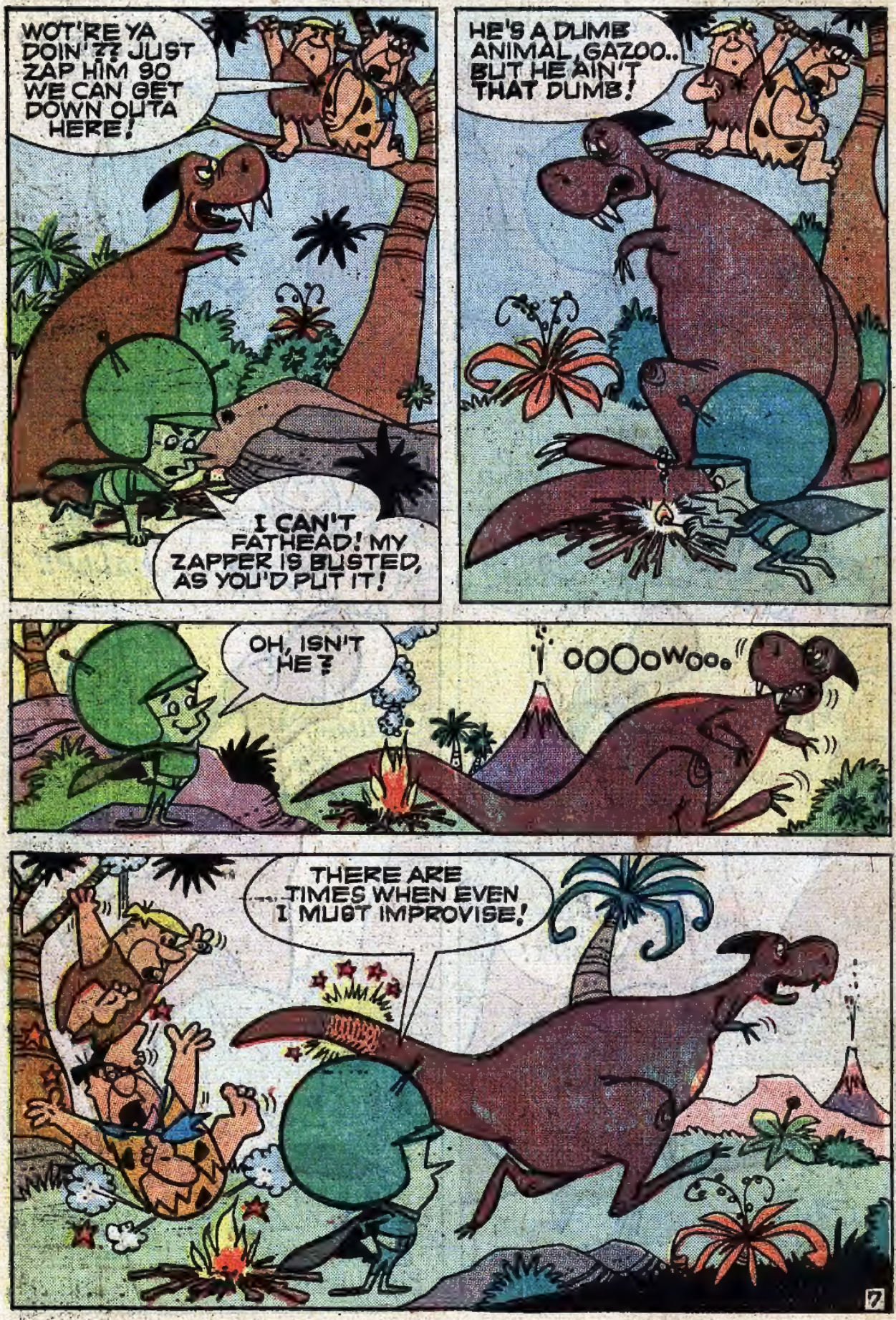

YEAH, WE KNOW, GAZOO! AS LONG AS YOU'RE AROUND WE AIN'T GOT A THING TA WORRY ABOUT!
MAKE THE GREAT GAZOO'S TASK MORE DIFFICULT, KRLXXN!
DE-ACTIVATE HIS ZILTRON BELT!!
YESSIR!
AS LONG AS I HAVE MY TRUSTY ZILTRON BELT, I CAN DO ANYTHING!
AIN'T IT GREAT TA KNOW NOTHING CAN HURT US, FRED?
YEAH! NOT EVEN OL' GORANNOSAURUS REX THERE!
YABBA DABBA DOO!

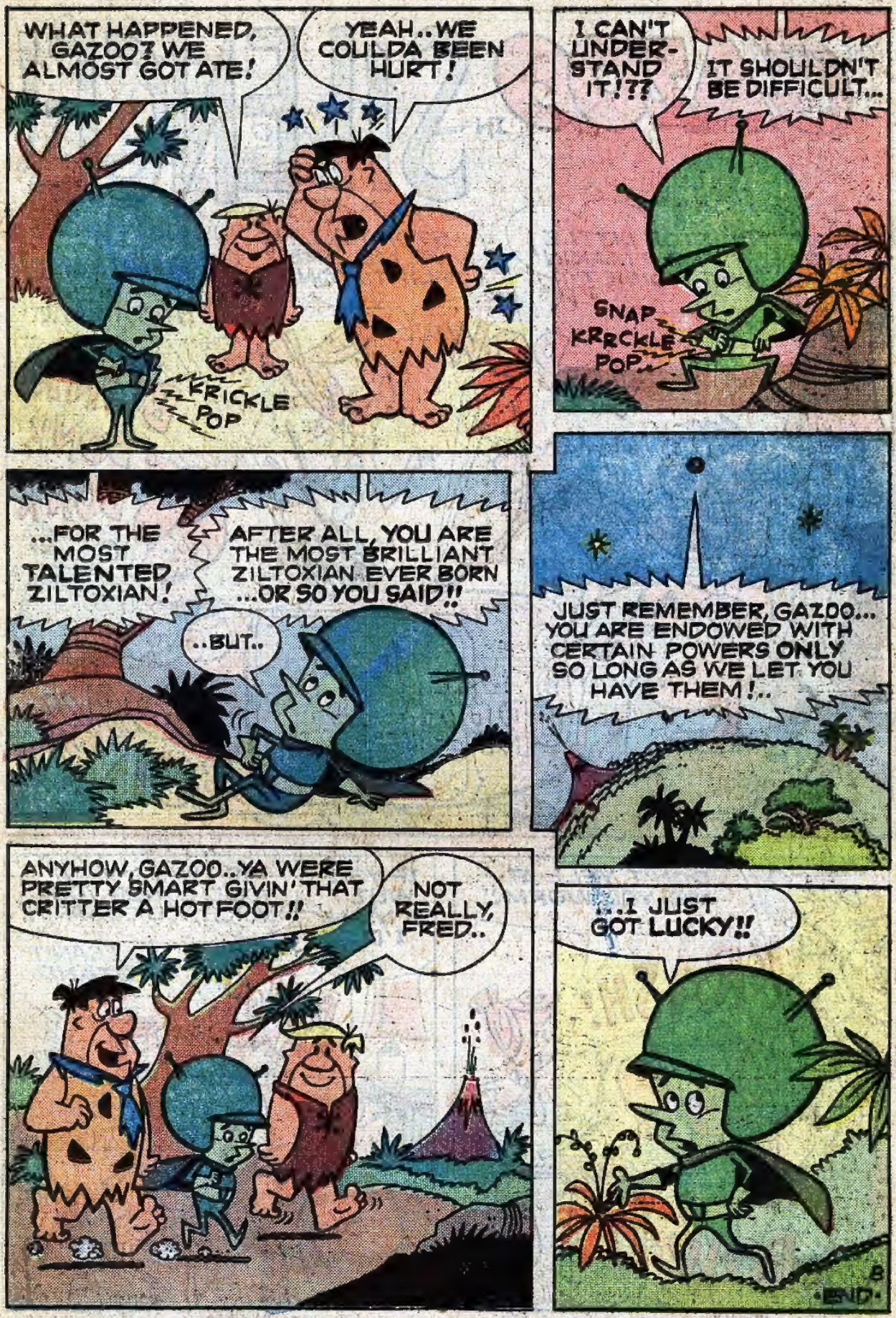


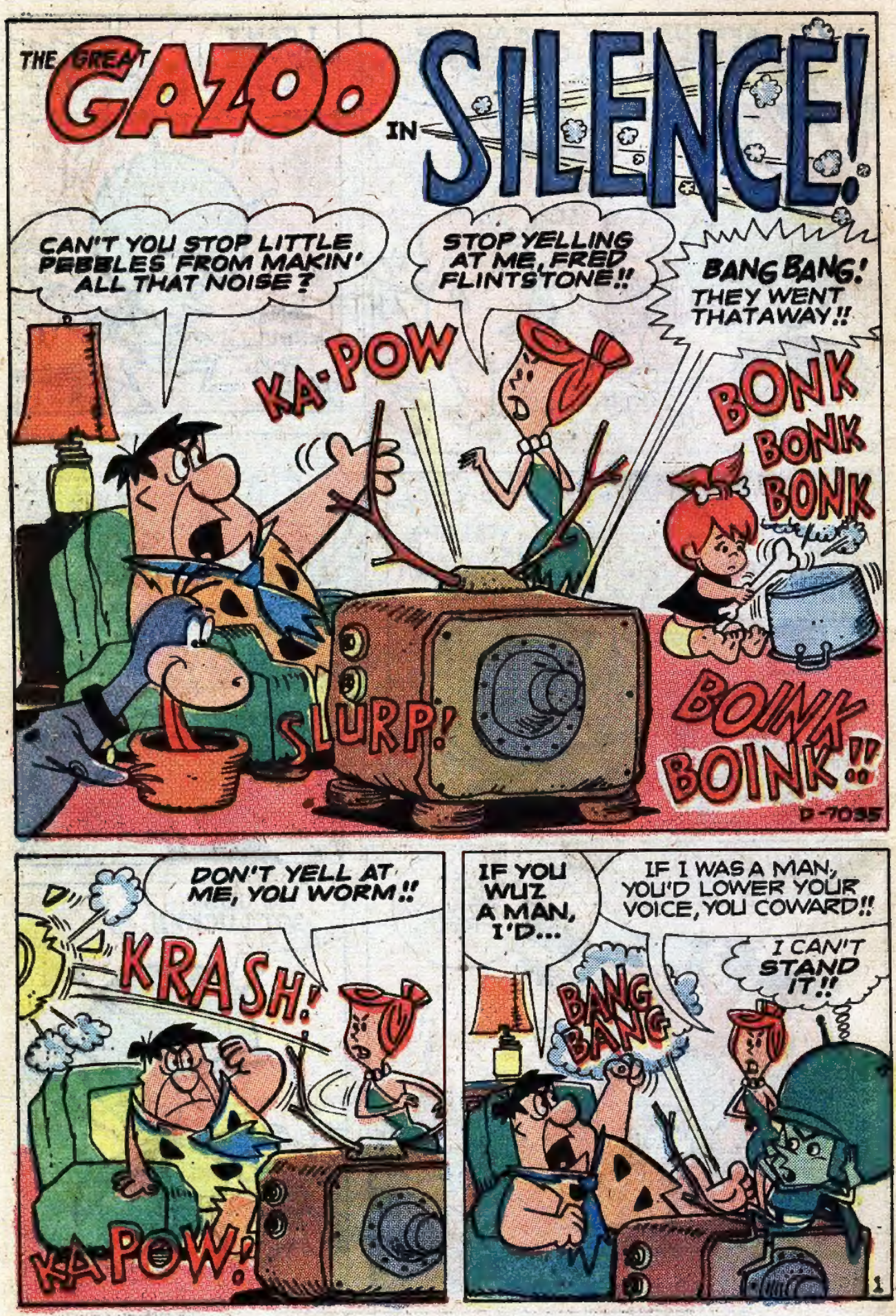
CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE


HEY, FRED... HE'S MAD!! HE'S GONNA EAT US UP!
THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!
♫ OH, GAZOO!! ♫
SNAP!
♫ OH, GAZOO!! ♫
DRAT THIS ZILTRON!.. IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE WORKING!
STATIC CRACKLE POP
I'LL FLY TO THEM AND SEE WHAT'S WRONG!
ZZRRK GOK
HALP, GAZOO!!
CAN'T THOSE TWO EVER STAY OUT OF TROUBLE?
....I CAN'T EVEN.....
GRRK ZZRKK
....FLY!!
5

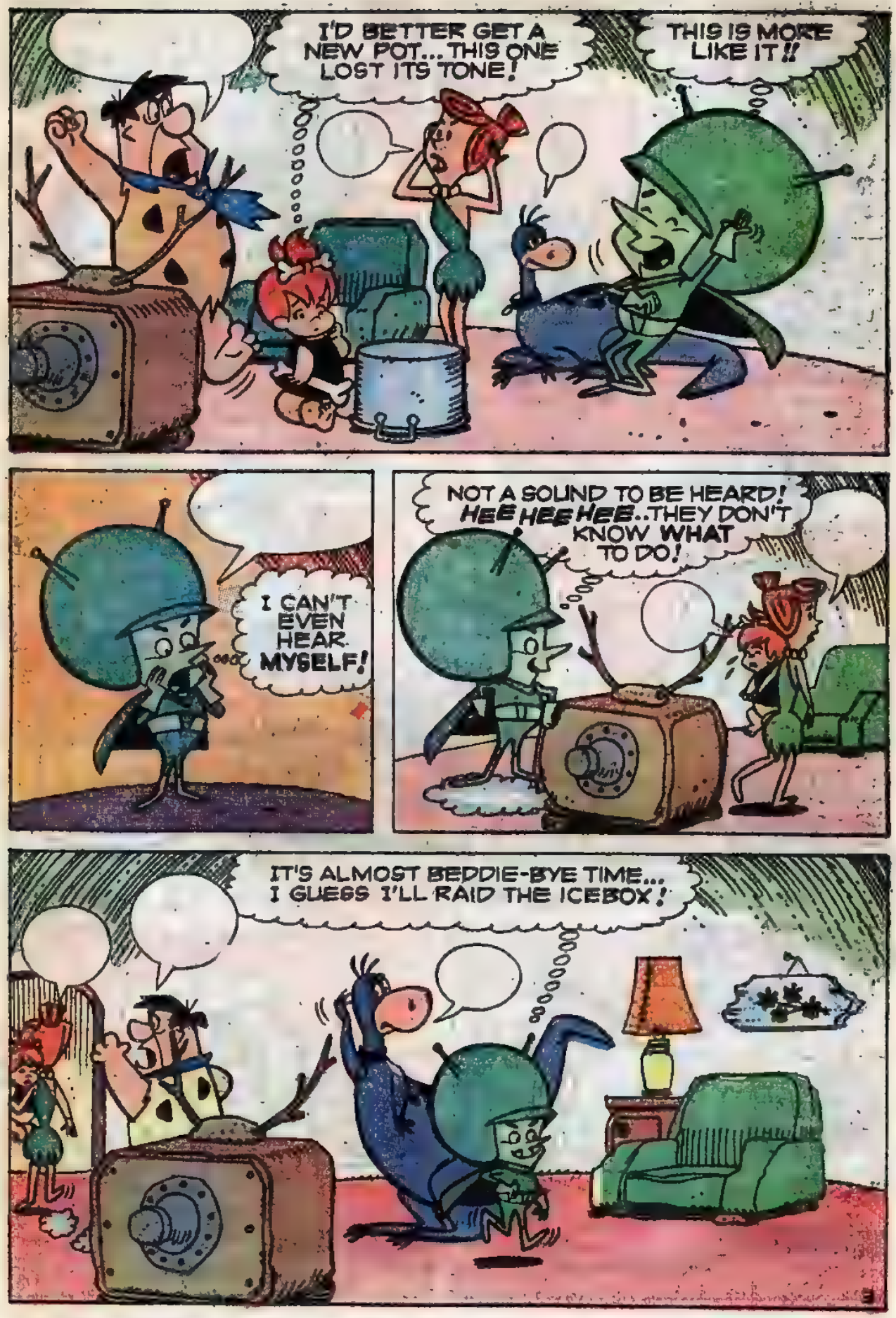

GAZOO!
OUCH!! THOSE TWO IDIOTS MUST BE IN REAL TROUBLE!
NEEDLENOSE!
THIS WOULD BE SIMPLE IF MY ZILTRON WERE IN WORKING ORDER!
BUT SINCE IT ISN'T!
THIS AIN'T NO TIME FER PLAYIN' GAMES, GAZOO! HALLP!!
CHUMP
BE PATIENT, PICKLE-NOSE!
6

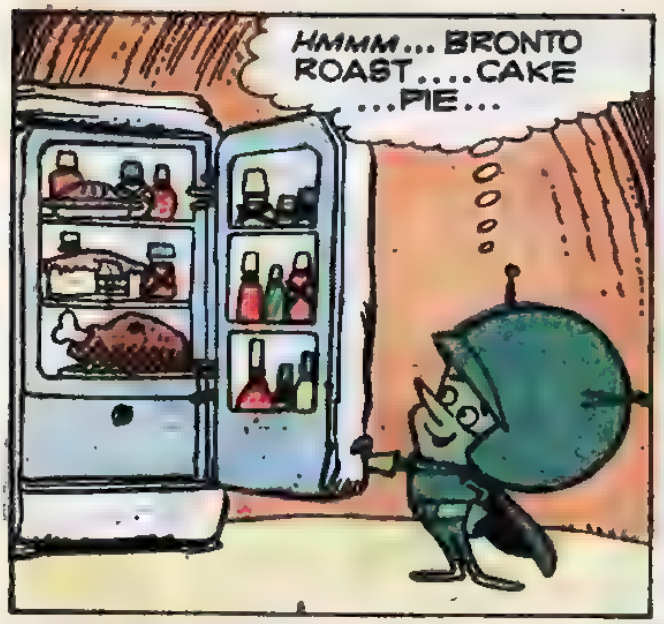

WOT'RE YA DOIN'?? JUST ZAP HIM SO WE CAN GET DOWN OUTA HERE!
I CAN'T FATHEAD! MY ZAPPER IS BUSTED, AS YOU'D PUT IT!
HE'S A DUMB ANIMAL, GAZOO.. BUT HE AIN'T THAT DUMB!
OH, ISN'T HE?
OOOoWOOo
THERE ARE TIMES WHEN EVEN I MUST IMPROVISE!
7

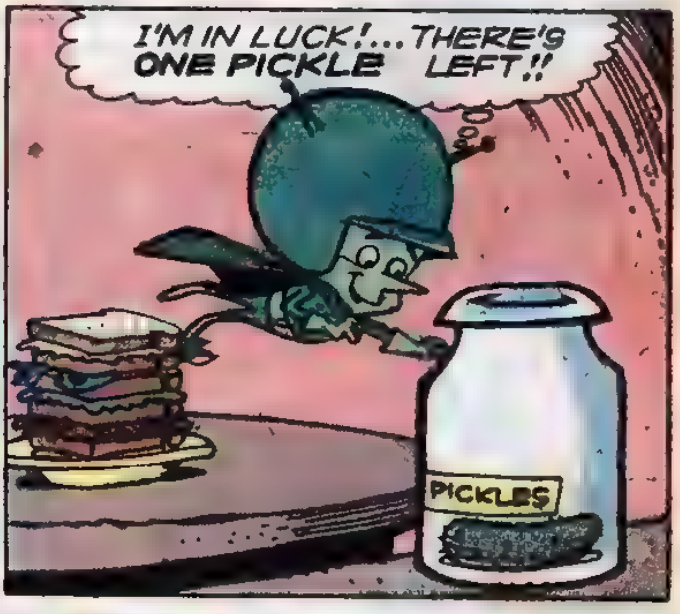

WHAT HAPPENED, GAZOO? WE ALMOST GOT ATE!
YEAH..WE COULDA BEEN HURT!
KRICKLE POP
I CAN'T UNDER-STAND IT!??
IT SHOULDN'T BE DIFFICULT...
SNAP KRRCKLE POP..
...FOR THE MOST TALENTED ZILTOXIAN!
AFTER ALL, YOU ARE THE MOST BRILLIANT ZILTOXIAN EVER BORN ...OR SO YOU SAID!!
..BUT..
JUST REMEMBER, GAZOO... YOU ARE ENDOWED WITH CERTAIN POWERS ONLY SO LONG AS WE LET YOU HAVE THEM!..
ANYHOW, GAZOO..YA WERE PRETTY SMART GIVIN' THAT CRITTER A HOT FOOT!!
NOT REALLY, FRED..
...I JUST GOT LUCKY!!
8
-END-


THE GREAT GAZOO IN SILENCE!
CAN'T YOU STOP LITTLE PEBBLES FROM MAKIN' ALL THAT NOISE?
STOP YELLING AT ME, FRED FLINTSTONE!!
BANG BANG! THEY WENT THATAWAY!!
KA-POW
BONK BONK BONK
SLURP!
BOINK BOINK!!
D-7035
DON'T YELL AT ME, YOU WORM!!
KRASH!
KA-POW!
IF YOU WUZ A MAN, I'D...
IF I WAS A MAN, YOU'D LOWER YOUR VOICE, YOU COWARD!!
I CAN'T STAND IT!!
BANG BANG
1

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

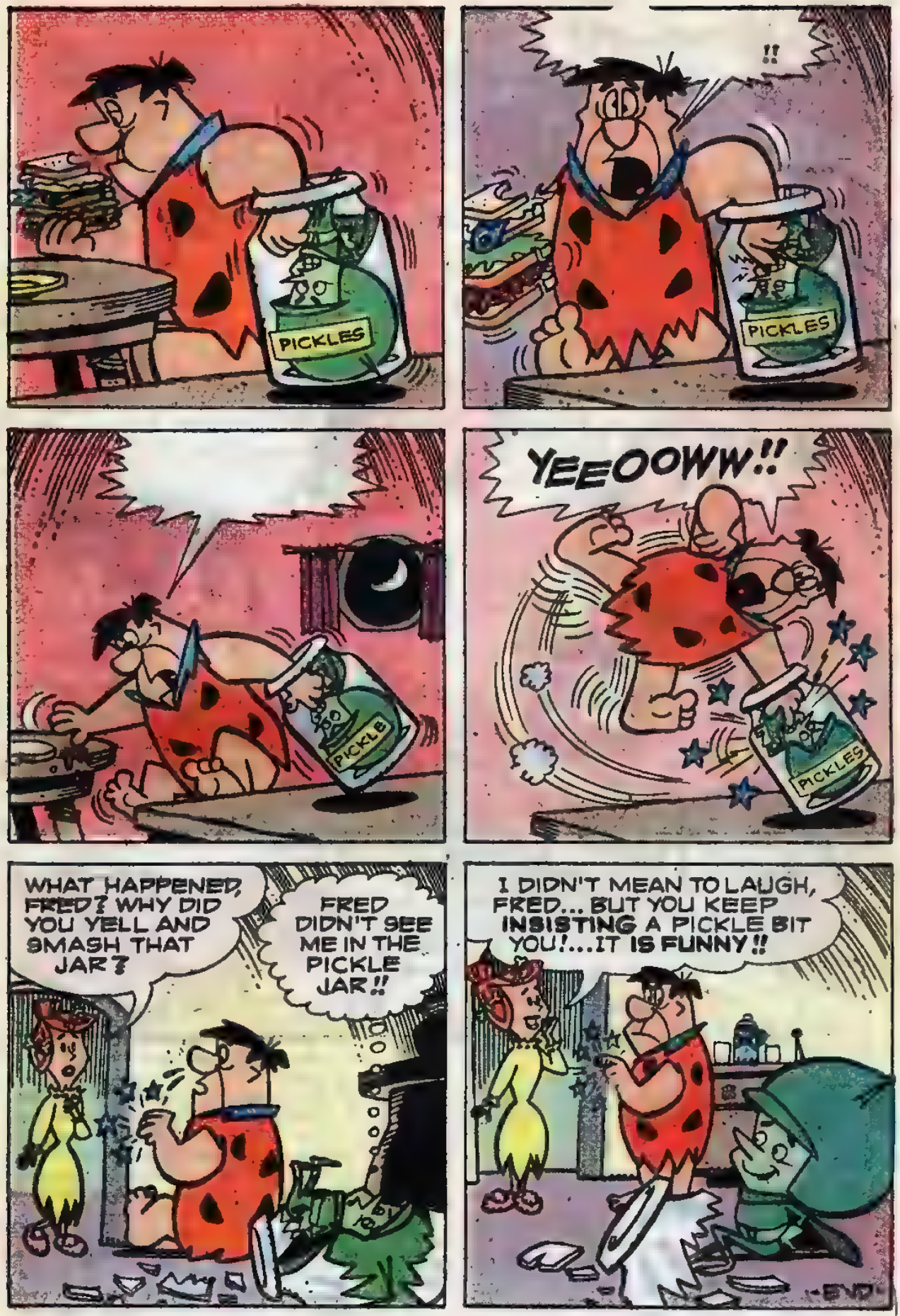

I'D BETTER GET A NEW POT... THIS ONE LOST ITS TONE!
THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!!
I CAN'T EVEN HEAR MYSELF!
NOT A SOUND TO BE HEARD! HEE HEE HEE..THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!
IT'S ALMOST BEDDIE-BYE TIME... I GUESS I'LL RAID THE ICEBOX!





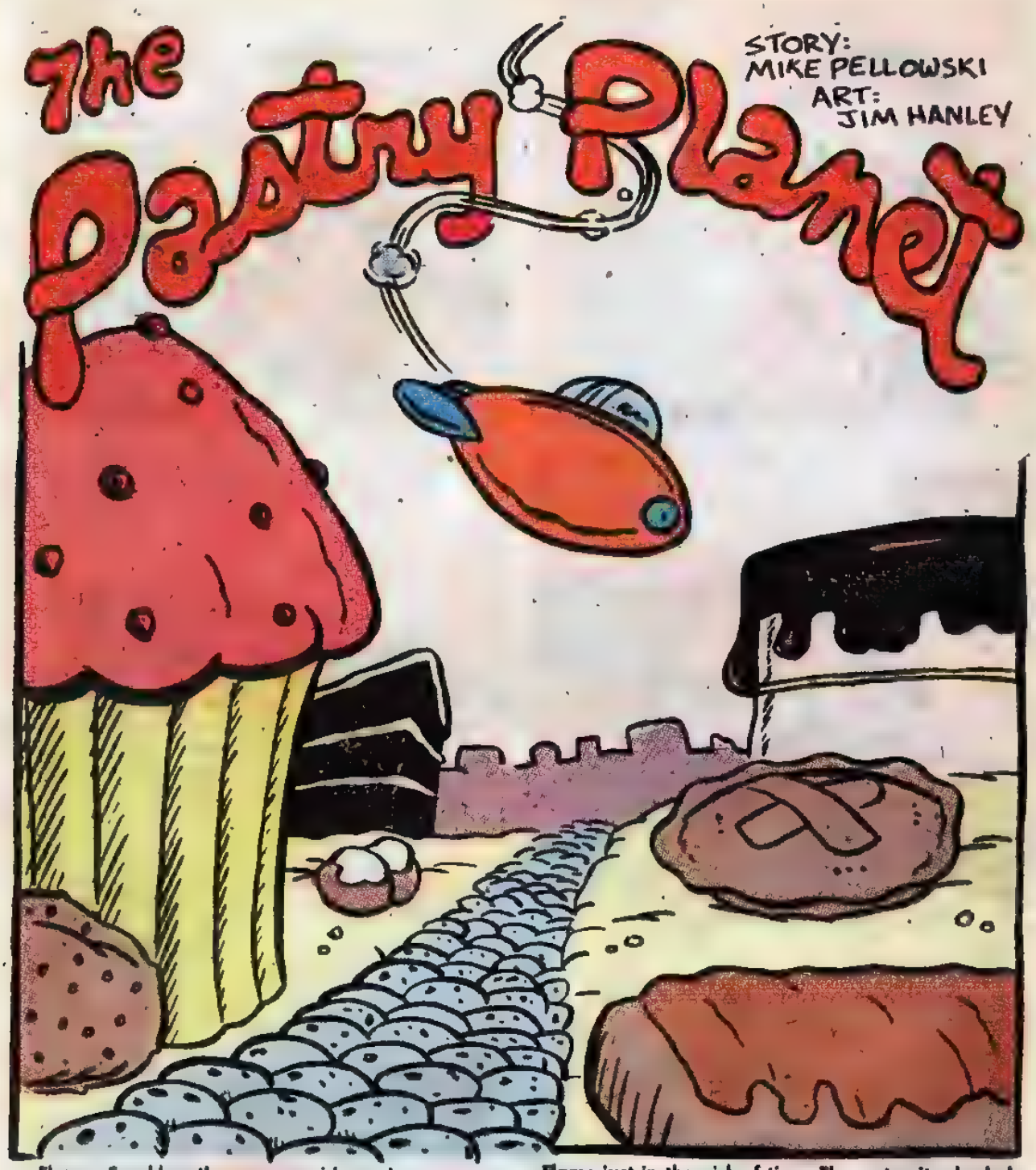
CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

I'M IN A FINE PICKLE NOW!!
I'D BETTER YELL FOR HELP!!
PICKLES
PICKLES
HMM... IT'S SO QUIET I CAN HEAR MY STOMACH GROWLIN'!! I'M HUNGRY!!
TERRIFIC! WILMA WANTED TA MAKE UP SO SHE LEFT ME A SANDWICH!
MMM.... DELICIOUS! MAYBE I'LL HAVE A PICKLE TOO!
FATSO'S EATING MY SANDWICH!
PICKLES
5


PICKLES
!!
PICKLES
PICKLE
YEEOOWW!!
PICKLES
WHAT HAPPENED, FRED? WHY DID YOU YELL AND SMASH THAT JAR?
FRED DIDN'T SEE ME IN THE PICKLE JAR!!
I DIDN'T MEAN TO LAUGH, FRED... BUT YOU KEEP INSISTING A PICKLE BIT YOU!...IT IS FUNNY!!
-END-

The Pastry Planet

STORY: MIKE PELLOWSKI
ART: JIM HANLEY



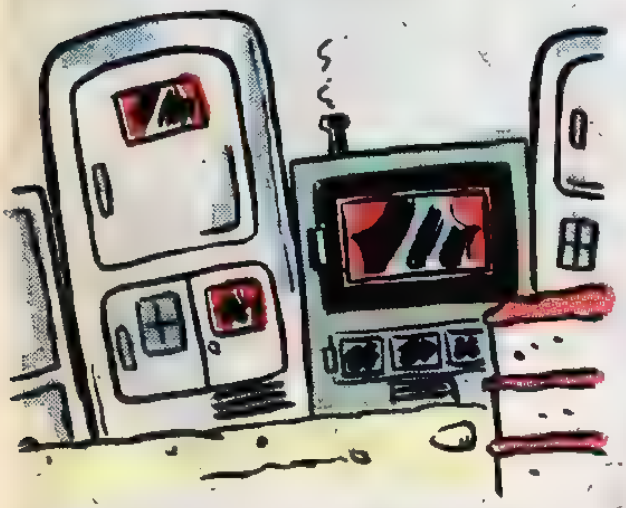
Flame Sparkle, the space girl explorer, was maneuvering her spaceship through a dangerous, asteroid belt. "These asteroids are as thick as fleas on a fat, dog's belly." said Plugg. Plugg was Flame's mechanical partner and her mechanized robot pal. Plugg stared at the asteroid belt through the spaceship's windshield. "Turn to da' left, quickly!" shouted Plugg. The mechanical man's sixth sense sensors had detected impending danger. The spaceship was heading into a shower of flaming meteorites. "Hang on, Plugg! I'm going to make a hard left!" replied Flame. The brave, space girl quickly spun the ship's steering apparatus.

The spaceship swerved and plummeted through dark, unexplored space. Plugg's warning had alerted Flame just in the nick of time. The meteorites hurled past the spaceship and only nicked one of the rear, blaster fins. The impact of the collision knocked the ship off its course. Flame tumbled onto the floor and rolled into a corner. The spaceship tilted. Mighty Plugg couldn't re-adjust his stabilizers fast enough to save himself from falling. He rolled down the inclined floor of the spaceship and crashed into the wall. The two space explorers were momentarily stunned. Their ship continued to travel at ultra-high speed. It zoomed off into the darkest, bleakest, most mysterious part of the uncharted galaxy.

When Plugg and Flame finally came to, they were far off course and hopelessly lost in space. "Holy hot after burners! I feel like a steam roller has squashed

my sensors!" said Plugg. The mechanical man shook his transisterized head. A few loose nuts and bolts rattled inside his brain. "Please, no jokes about me having a screw loose." begged Plugg. He spun his head around his neck in a complete circle. The self-adjusting, loose parts tightened themselves. Plugg helped Flame get to her feet. She was still dizzy.

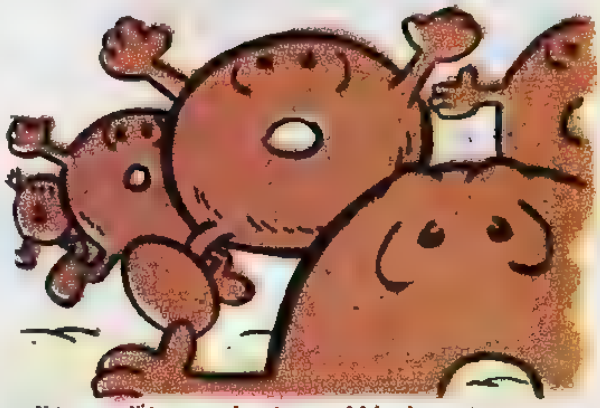
Suddenly, there was a loud thud. The ship stopped moving. They had crash landed on a strange, unexplored planet. Flame and Plugg looked out of the ship's porthole. They saw houses built in the shapes of



ovens and refrigerators. Flame shook the cobwebs out of her head. "What a funny-looking planet. Let's explore it now that we're here." she said to Plugg. "Why not?" he agreed. They decided to make the best of the mishap. After all, their job in space was to explore strange planets and to make friends with alien life forms.

The two space pals climbed down from their ship. When they touched bottom, their feet sunk into the planet's soft, vanilla colored soil. "Dis ground is soft like a sponge." said Plugg. Flame bent over and dug out a piece of the turf. She smelled it and smiled. She opened her mouth and took a bite out of it. "It's sponge cake!" she announced. Plugg ripped up a big piece of the soil. He bit into it. "It's not chocolate-covered nails; but it's good!" he replied.

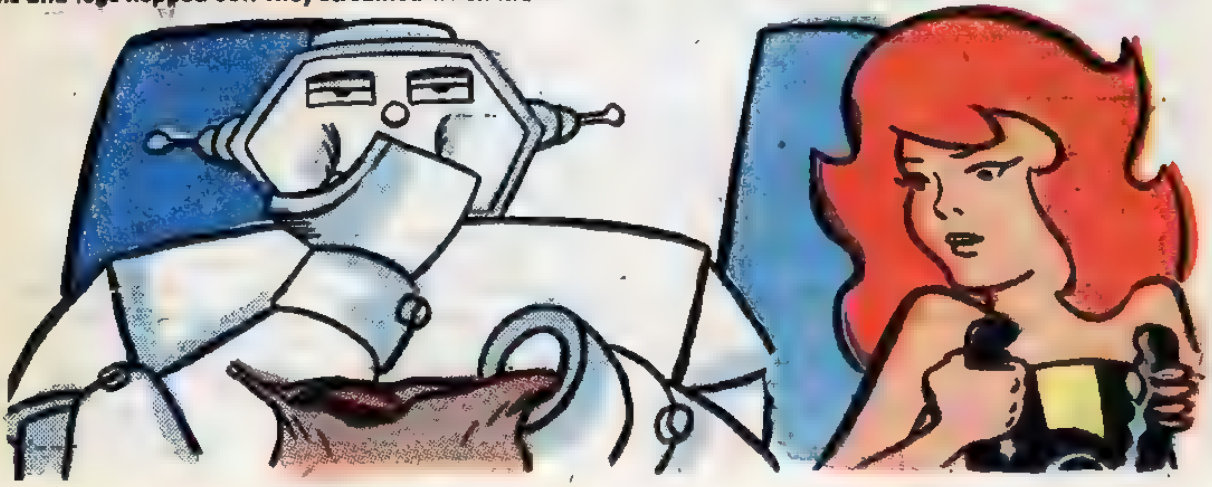
Suddenly, the door on one of the oven houses popped open. A baker's dozen of doughnuts with tiny arms and legs hopped out. They screamed when they saw Flame and Plugg nibbling on their planet. "Help! Help! We've been invaded by alien monsters!" they shouted. "Monsters? Where?" said Plugg nervously. "They mean us." explained Flame. "Oh." said Plugg. He took another bite of sponge cake. The doughnuts ran through the strange, little town. Living pieces of pastry popped out of all the doors. There were



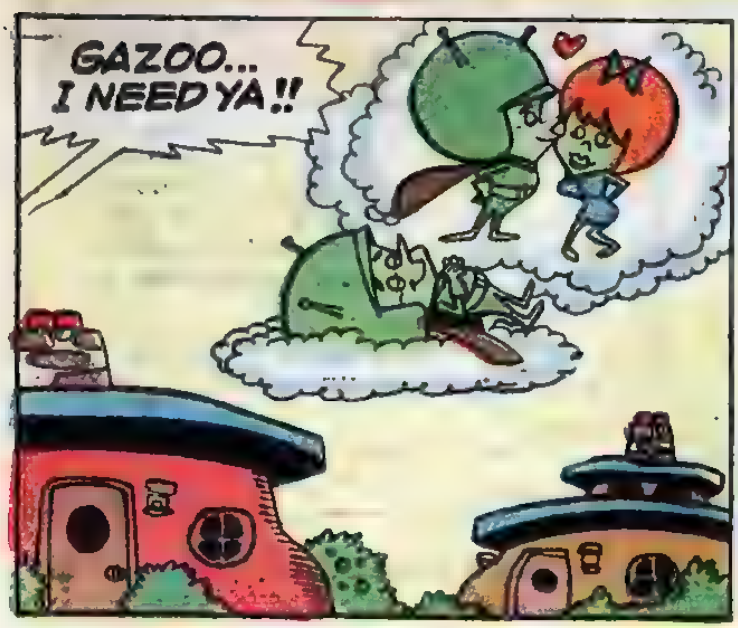
walking, talking apple pies and blueberry turnovers. There were feminine-looking cream puffs. There were even tough-looking devil's food cakes. A living fruit cake started running around in circles.

"The aliens are going to eat us! They're going to eat us out of house and home! The monsters are going to eat us!" he screamed. "Calm down, you fruit cake! Stop acting so nutty!" ordered a distinguished looking cheese cake. He was wearing a crown. He was obviously the town's Big Cheese. "We won't eat you." said Flame. "We crash-landed here by accident. We'd like to be your friends." Flame shook hands with the cheese cake. Plugg tried to hide the piece of the pastry planet he'd been nibbling on. "If you're our friends, then why is that walking garbage can eating up our planet?" asked a strawberry tart. "I'm a robot and I didn't mean to eat your planet." said Plugg. The cheese cake accepted the explanation. They helped Flame and Plugg repair their ship.

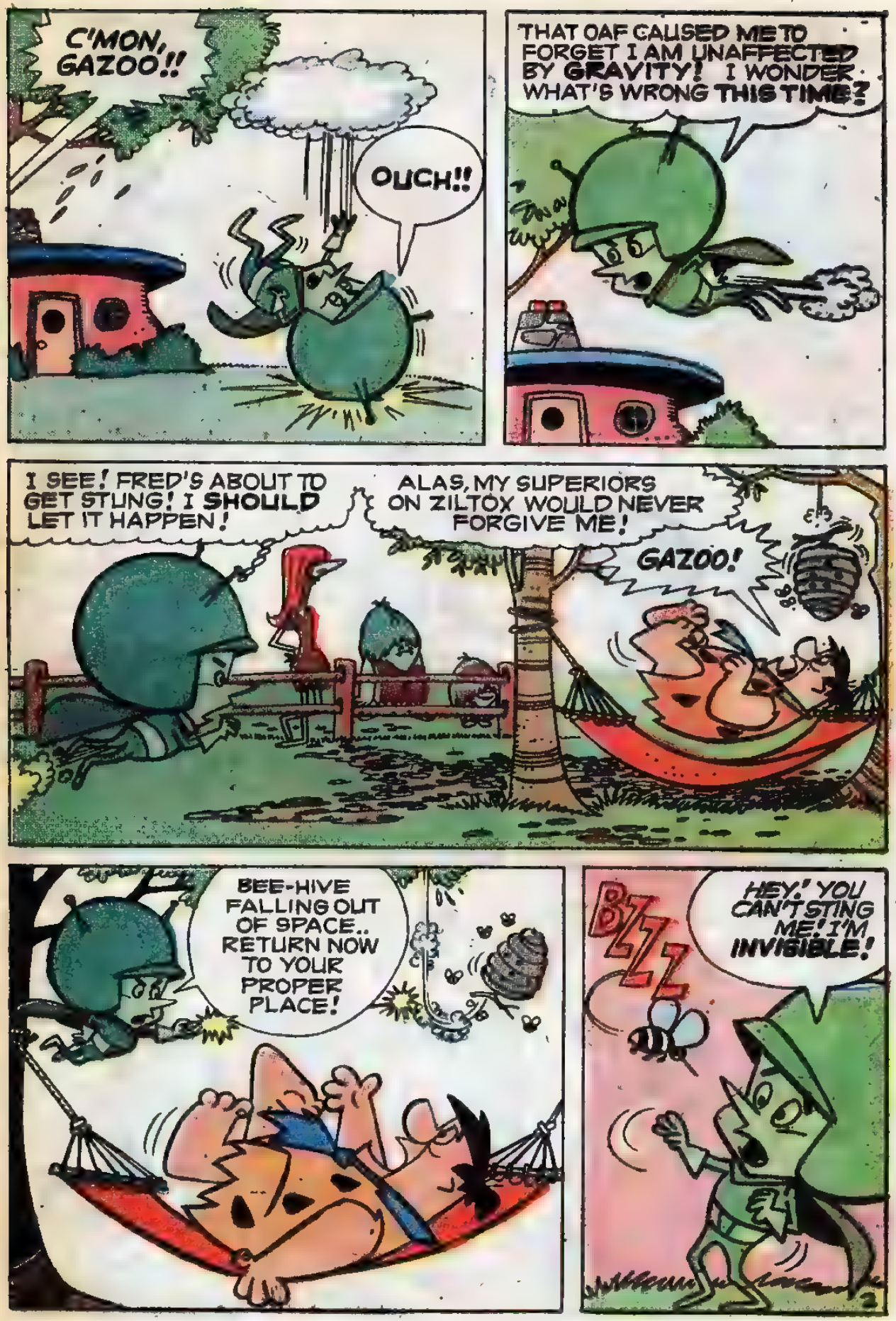
Soon, the twosome were back zooming through space. Flame noticed Plugg was holding a bag. "What's in there!" asked Flame. "Rocks from the pastry planet." he answered. "Rocks? What good are they?" she asked. "They're jelly doughnuts!" laughed Plugg. He took a rock out of the bag and ate it.



THE GREAT GAZOO in "NAP TIME"
WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO RAKE THESE LEAVES IF FLINTSTONE WOULD CLEAN UP HIS YARD... BUT HE SLEEPS ALL THE TIME!!
I HAVE POWERS OF WITCHCRAFT, WEIRDLY! BEE-HIVE HANGING ON THE TREE. WATCH FALL ON THE HEAD OF FAT FREDDY!
OH, NO!
D-6849


GAZOO... I NEED YA!!

HURRY!!
IT'S FATHEAD FLINTSTONE!
POP
1

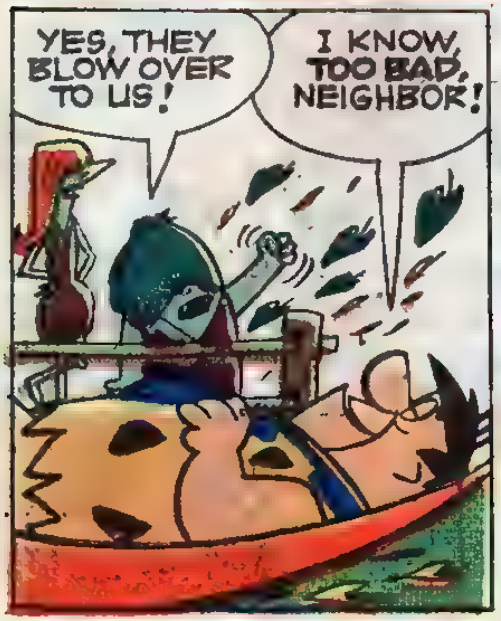

C'MON, GAZOO!!
OUCH!!
THAT OAF CAUSED ME TO FORGET I AM UNAFFECTED BY GRAVITY! I WONDER WHAT'S WRONG THIS TIME?
I SEE! FRED'S ABOUT TO GET STUNG! I SHOULD LET IT HAPPEN!
ALAS, MY SUPERIORS ON ZILTOX WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME!
GAZOO!
BEE-HIVE FALLING OUT OF SPACE.. RETURN NOW TO YOUR PROPER PLACE!
BZZ
HEY! YOU CAN'T STING ME! I'M INVISIBLE!

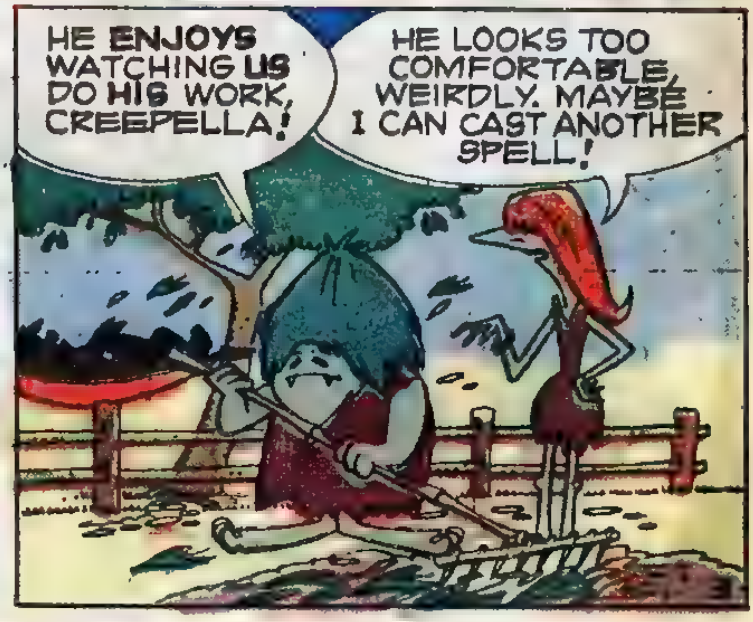
YEEEOOW!

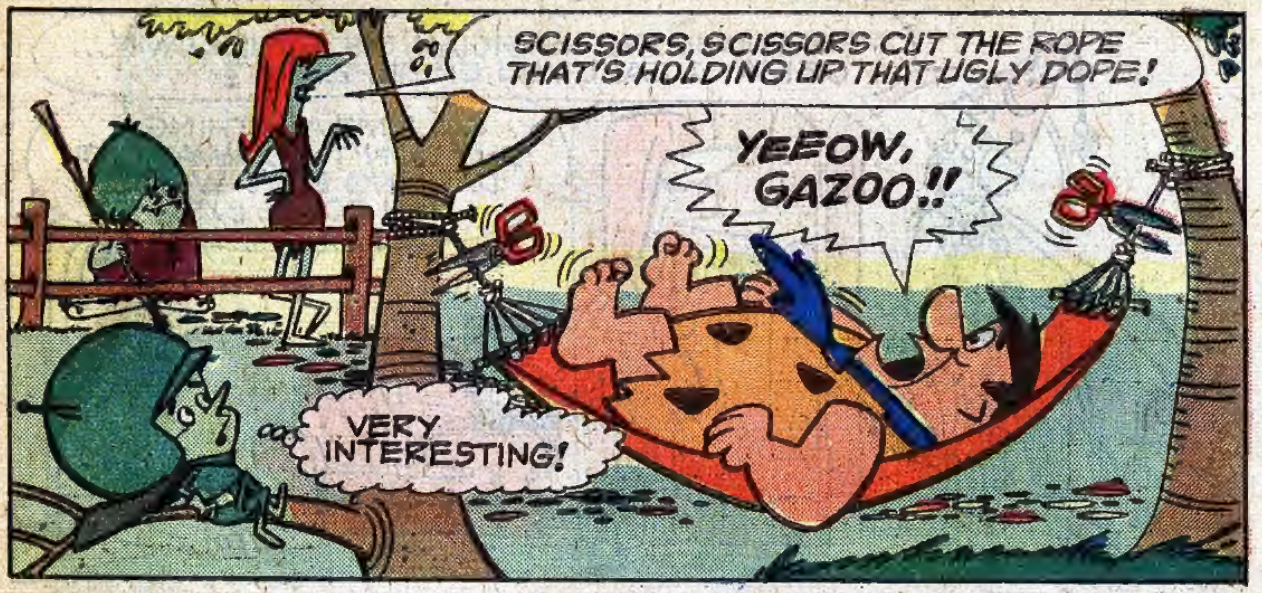
THANKS, NEEDLENOSE-ER, LUMPY-NOSE!
IT'S NOT FUNNY, FLINTSTONE! I SHOULD'VE LET THE HIVE HIT YOU!

YEAH, BUT YA CAN'T! YOU'RE UNDER CONTRACT TO **PROTECT** ME!
DON'T REMIND ME!

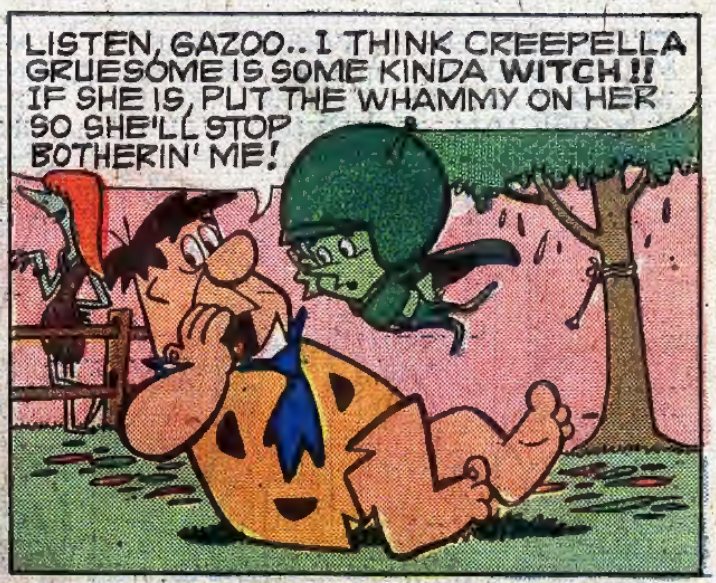
FLINTSTONE, WHY DON'T YOU **CLEAN UP** YOUR PLACE? RAKE YOUR LEAVES!
WHY SHOULD I? THE WIND BLOWS THEM OFF MY GRASS!


YES, THEY BLOW OVER TO US!
I KNOW, **TOO BAD**, NEIGHBOR!

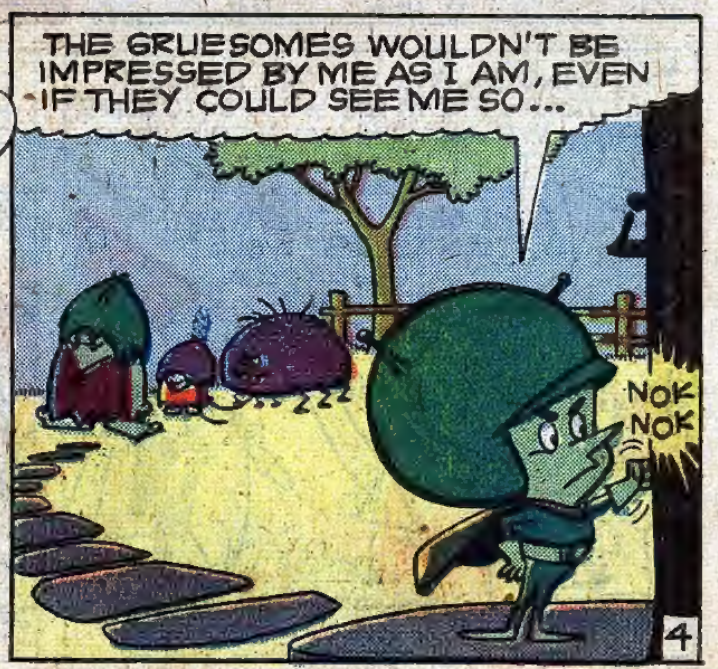

HE **ENJOYS** WATCHING **US** DO **HIS** WORK, CREEPELLA!
HE LOOKS TOO COMFORTABLE, WEIRDLY. MAYBE I CAN CAST ANOTHER SPELL!


SCISSORS, SCISSORS CUT THE ROPE THAT'S HOLDING UP THAT UGLY DOPE!
YEEOW, GAZOO!!
VERY INTERESTING!

DID YOU CALL, MASTER?
THUD!


LISTEN, GAZOO.. I THINK CREEPELLA GRUESOME IS SOME KINDA WITCH!! IF SHE IS, PUT THE WHAMMY ON HER SO SHE'LL STOP BOTHERIN' ME!

I'VE GOT TO HELP NUMB-NOGGIN! WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO IS SIT BACK AND LET CREEPELLA GRUESOME MAKE FRED'S LIFE MISERABLE!


THE GRUESOMES WOULDN'T BE IMPRESSED BY ME AS I AM, EVEN IF THEY COULD SEE ME SO...
NOK NOK
4

I AM MAJO THE MAGICIAN, MS. GRUESOME... OR MAY I CALL YOU CREEPELLA?
CALL ME ANYTHING, BUT DON'T GO AWAY, YOU DAHLING BOY! WON'T YOU COME IN?

IT'S SWEET OF YOU TO STOP BY MAJO. YOU ARE A MAGICIAN AND WARLOCK, I BELIEVE?
WHEN I WANT TO BE, CREEPELLA! NOW ABOUT FLINTSTONE!..

AS SUPERINTENDENT OF WITCHCRAFT IN THIS AREA, I MUST FORBID YOU TO CAST SPELLS OR USE POWERS IN ANY WAY ON FAT FREDDY!
I HAD SUCH GROOVY PLANS FOR HIM TOO!
IT ISN'T FAIR!!

THE WIND BLOWS ALL HIS LEAVES AND TRASH FROM HIS YARD INTO OURS! WE ALWAYS HAVE TO CLEAN IT UP! HE NEVER DOES!
I SEE! IF THIS WERE CORRECTED WOULD YOU OBSERVE A TRUCE?

I WISH FRED HAD SOME CHORES TO KEEP HIM BUSY! HE SLEEPS TOO MUCH!
WEIRDLY AND I WOULD LOVE TO SEE HIM DO SOME WORK!

DONE! YOU SHALL RAKE NO MORE, CREEPELLA!
FAREWELL!
POP!
FABULOUS! ISN'T THAT A BLAST, WEIRDLY?
SLUMBER TIME IS OVER, FLINTSTONE!
ZZZZ
BLOW, WIND, BLOW ALL THE LEAVES ON THAT FAT SCHMOE!
ZZZ
OH NO! THIS NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE!
WILMA!!
HERE, FRED.. YOU CAN USE SOME EXERCISE!
OH, NO I CAN'T!!
I'LL GET GAZOO TO HANDLE THIS!
GAZOO! GET DOWN HERE RIGHT NOW!!
WHY DIDN'T I EVER THINK OF WEARING EAR PLUGS BEFORE? LET'S SEE... WHERE WAS I WHEN I WAS RUDELY INTERRUPTED?
6
-END-

FRED
in "AUTOMATION"
HOW'S THINGS, WALT?
NOT GOOD!
I GOT LAID OFF!
NO WORK, HUH?
NAH! THERE'S PLENTY OF WORK!!
I JUST BEEN REPLACED BY AUTOMATED EQUIPMENT!!
BEDROCK PAINT COMPANY
PAINT
B-706
•END•